

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### A DISCUSSION OF THE "WHY" OF A KISS

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Jim Edie came up to dinner with Dick last night, and Mollie, also, was over, as Mother Waverly was invited out to the home of an old friend for the week end.

Dear old Jim! He looked so sorrowful as he took both my hands in his. "My, Margie," he said, "the sight of you is good for my longing eyes!"

His warm clasp was so sympathetic that my eyes filled with tears, in which grief for my loss and appreciation of his friendship mingled.

"Why don't you kiss her?" mischievously asked Mollie. "You look as though you wanted to."

"Of course, I do!" answered Jim valiantly, "but, don't you know, Mollie, that usually when a man wants to kiss a woman he hardly ever dares and when he dares—well, he cares very little about her."

"All right, Jim, I dare you to kiss me," laughed Mollie.

Jim shook his head with a grin. "Of course I am not tellin' ye, as Annie would say, but some way in your case either the spirit or the flesh is weak."

I know those dear people, Jim and Mollie, love me so dearly that they were doing all this jollyin' to turn my mind away from my sad thoughts and I had to laugh as Mollie wiped her eyes, sniffed and blew her nose most ostentatiously and murmured, as if to herself: "Jilted and scorned—I cannot bear it and I will not. Tomorrow I will hire myself to my lawyer and demand a million dollars for that kiss."

"But I didn't get the kiss," protested Jim.

"Don't you know, Jim, that it is usually for the kisses they don't get that women seek pecuniary balm?" said Dick. "It is only after the kisses stop that the women institute breach of promise proceedings?"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mollie. "Are you hinting that I can sue Jim for breach of promise?"

"Go as far as you like, my dear," said Jim. "I am willing to be the goat."

That was it, little book—I could see they were both satisfied when they saw a smile hover over my lips at their foolishness.

"I tell you, Margie, you ought to have seen Old Man Dick while you were sick," said Jim. "He wasn't any good to himself or any one else."

I looked at Dick quickly and it seemed to me that he had grown old. I wonder, little book, if Dick, too, has suffered because of baby's death. Some way I have never thought of him except as my baby—mine to love—mine for whom to grieve—mine the joy of anticipation, and mine the awful loss. Dick caught my eyes and came over and kissed me tenderly. He evidently read my thought in my face.

"Here! Here!" said Jim, you must not do that! A nice friend you are to deliberately kiss the woman I adore just because you have a right to do so."

"For heaven's sake, Jim, if you feel that way about it, kiss Margie and get it out of your system," said Dick.

"I have something to say about that, my dear," I expostulated.

"That's right, Margie, you know that after all that has been said of stolen fruit, a stolen kiss is not always the sweetest."

Mollie looked up, very much interested. "Why not?" she asked.

"Well, if you steal a kiss from a girl you are liable to touch the tip of her ear, or perhaps, the cool firmness of her cheek. You certainly very seldom reach the dewy softness of her mouth."

"Hear! Hear! The expert opinion of